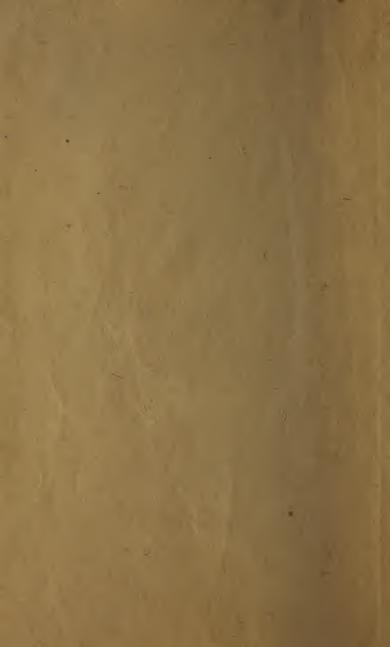
TEXT. 372.4 UNPUB 1922-K2

# LDREIMIN RYLAND







# STUDIES IN READING

#### CHILDREN IN STORYLAND

BY

#### J. W. SEARSON

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA, LINCOLN

#### GEORGE E. MARTIN

PRESIDENT STATE TEACHERS' COLLEGE, KEARNEY, NEBRASKA

#### LUCY WILLIAMS TINLEY

AUTHOR OF "FIRST STEPS IN READING" AND "TEACHING BEGINNERS TO READ"

ILLUSTRATED BY
RUTH MARY HALLOCK



Lincoln=Cbicago=Dallas=Rew york City
THE UNIVERSITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
1923

#### COPYRIGHT, 1923 THE UNIVERSITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

All Rights Keservad

TEXT. 5124 UNPUB 1923 -

# Curriculum Collection

#### PREFACE

Reading with appreciation is a fine art. If the child has appreciated his first primer, he is anxious to read other interesting stories. The Primer lessons have already brought to the child the joy of discovery. This Additional Primer is provided to develop in him added independence in getting and enjoying the thought in delightful children's stories. Growth in the use of the vocabulary and in reading with appreciation comes through well-ordered practice. These interesting stories are certain to charm the beginner and to develop in him skill which will enable him to read his First Reader with additional zest and ease.

The elements of rhyme, action, dramatization, dialogue, repetition, game, story, and mystery, so well worked out in the Primer, are here continued. All these attractive qualities may be found in unusual measure in the selections of this Additional Primer.

Careful attention has been paid to developing a supplementary reading vocabulary within easy range of the child who has mastered the Primer. Somewhat longer selections have been introduced and the highest possible standard of children's stories has been maintained. While this collection of stories is complete in itself, it forms a valuable supplement to the Primer collection and affords an excellent preparation for the progressive work which follows in The First Reader.

The authors acknowledge their indebtedness to Superintendent J. H. Beveridge of the Omaha Public Schools; to Minnie E. Kruckenburg, teacher of normal training, Council Bluffs, Iowa; to Alice Cusack, Assistant Primary Supervisor, Kansas City, Missouri; to Clara Owsley Wilson, Professor of Primary Education, College of Education, University of Nebraska; to Superintendent A. H. Waterhouse, Fremont, Nebraska; and to the many primary teachers and supervisors whose counsel and suggestions have added greatly to the teaching value of this volume.

J. W. SEARSON G. E. MARTIN LUCY WILLIAMS TINLEY

#### CONTENTS

PAGE

The Dollies' Week Hearth and Home	2
Holding Baby	4
Going to Sleep Old Folk Tale	5
ROBIN REDBREAST Mother Goose Rhyme	11
What Can You Do?	12
THE MAN AND THE KID English Folk Tale	13
An Old Game Old Folk Game	18
My Little Hen Mother Goose Rhyme	20
Dan's Christmas Toys Child Riddles	21
Dan's Bread and Butter . Tales of Industry	22
The Three Butterflies Folk Tale	29
What Am I? A Riddle	37
THE LION AND THE MOUSE Dramatized from Aesop	38
RAIN Robert Louis Stevenson	43
RAIN IN THE NIGHT Amelia J. Burr	43
Dan's Garden Tales of Industry	44
The Garden Motion Song	47
WHEN JIMMY WOULD NOT PLAY Tales of Industry	48
THE RABBIT WHO WAS AFRAID Old Eastern Legend	57
Peterkin Paul and His Shadow . C. A. Talbot	64
Happy Children	68
Unhappy Children	69
THE ANT AND THE DOVE Dramatized from Aesop	70
The Weather Folk Rhyme	73
THE RED-HEADED WOODPECKER . Flora J. Cooke	74

	FAGE
What the Clock Says	80
THE MOUSE WHO LOST HER TAIL . Folk Tale	82
THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE Aesop	90
At the Seaside Robert Louis Stevenson	93
Dick's Coat Tales of Industry	94
Baa, Baa, Black Sheep Mother Goose	99
Pat-a-Cake, Pat-a-Cake Mother Goose	100
Jack's Pie A Home Tale	101
THE FLAG	107
The Two Misers A. R. Montalba	108
My Birthday Cake	113
Dolly's Party	114
THIS MORNING Clinton Scollard	116
THE INDIAN AND THE FEATHER An Old Tale	117
Spring is Here	119
THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN GOSLINGS	
Adapted from Grimm	120
Four Little Sisters	130
WORD LIST	134



Playtime



# THE DOLLIES' WEEK\*

On Monday,

I wash my dollies' clothes.

On Tuesday,

I smoothly press them.

On Wednesday,

I mend their little hose.

On Thursday,

I neatly dress them.

<sup>\*</sup> To be memorized.



# GOING TO SLEEP

Once upon a time
there was a little girl.
One day her mother said,
"I am going to town.
I want you to rock
Little Brother to sleep."

"All right, Mother,"
said the little girl,
and the mother went to town.
Then the little girl said,
"Come, Little Brother,
I will rock you to sleep."

She rocked and rocked,
and as she rocked she sang:
"Rock-a-bye,
Rock-a-bye,
Sleep, Little Brother,
Shut your eye."

But Little Brother
would not go to sleep.
He said, "I hear a little sound.
It says, 'Mew, mew!'"

"That is Kitty-cat," said the little girl, "She must go to sleep, too." So kitty lay down upon the rug. Then the little girl rocked and rocked. and as she rocked she sang: "kock-a-bye, Rock-a-bye, Sleep, Little Brother, Shut your eye."





But Little Brother
would not go to sleep.
He said, "I hear a little sound.
It says, 'Bow-wow!"

"That is Little Dog,"
said the little girl.
"He must go to sleep, too."
So Little Dog lay down
at her feet.

Then the little girl rocked and rocked, and as she rocked she sang: "Rock-a-bye,

Rock-a-bye,
Sleep, Little Brother,
Shut your eye."

But Little Brother would not go to sleep.

He said, "I hear a little sound.

It says, 'Peep, peep!'"

"That is Dicky-bird in his cage,"

said the little girl.

"He must go to sleep, too."

She put a cloth over Dicky-bird's cage.

He thought that night had come.

Then the little girl rocked and rocked,

and as she rocked she sang:

"Rock-a-bye, Rock-a-bye, Sleep, Little Brother, Shut your eye."

Then Little Brother did not say a word.

Kitty-cat did not mew or purr,

Little Dog did not bark or stir,

Even Dicky-bird did not peep, For all of them were fast asleep.

-Old Folk Tale



#### ROBIN REDBREAST

Little Robin Redbreast
Sat up in a tree.
Up went Pussy Cat,
Down went he.

Down went Pussy Cat,
Away Robin ran.
Said Little Robin Redbreast,
"Catch me if you can!"

-Mother Goose Rhyme

# WHAT CAN YOU DO?

Boy: I can read a book.

Girl: I can sing a song.

Dog: I can watch the house.

Cat: I can catch a mouse.

Bird: I can make a nest.

Squirrel: I can crack a nut.

Bee: I can make honey.

Cow: I can give milk.

Hen: I can lay an egg.

Pig: I can eat my dinner.

Wind: I can blow and bring the showers.

Sun: I can shine and bring the flowers.



# THE MAN AND THE KID A kid, a kid, my father bought, For two pieces of money: A kid, a kid!

Then came the cat
and ate the kid
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid!



Then came the dog and bit the cat,
That ate the kid
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid!

Then came the stick and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,

That ate the kid

That my father bought

For two pieces of money:

A kid, a kid!

Then came the fire and burned the stick,

That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid
That my father
bought
For two pieces of

For two pieces of money:

A kid, a kid!

Then came the water and put out the fire,

That burned the stick,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:

A kid, a kid!



Then came the ox and drank the water, That put out the fire, That burned the stick, That beat the dog. That bit the cat. That ate the kid That my father bought For two pieces of money: A kid, a kid!



Then came the butcher and killed the ox, That drank the water, That put out the fire, That burned the stick. That beat the dog, That bit the cat, That ate the kid That my father bought For two pieces of money:

A kid, a kid!

-English Folk Taie



### AN OLD GAME

What is that?
Bread and cheese.

Where is my share? The cat has it.

Where is the cat? In the woods.

Where are the woods? The fire burned them.

Where is the fire? The water quenched it.

Where is the water? The ox drank it.

Where is the ox? The butcher killed him.

Where is the butcher? The rope hung him.

Where is the rope? The knife cut it.

Where is the knife? The hammer broke it.

Where is the hammer?
Behind the door cracking nuts,
I'll get the meats,
You'll get the shucks!

-Old Folk Game

#### MY LITTLE HEN

I had a little hen, The prettiest ever seen;

She washed the dishes And kept the house clean.



She went to the mill To fetch me some flour,

And brought it home In less than an hour.



She baked my bread And brewed my ale, And sat by the fire And told many a tale.



—Mother Goose Rhyme

- Dan ran to the miller.
  - "Please, Miller," said he,
    "I want some flour.
  - I will give the flour to the cook.

He will bake me some bread."

"First go to the farmer," said the miller,

"and get me some wheat."

Dan ran to the farmer.

"Please, Farmer," said he,

"I want some wheat.

I will give the wheat to the miller.

He will give me some flour.



I will give the flour to the cook.

He will bake me some bread."

The farmer gave Dan some wheat.

Dan ran to the miller and got his flour.

He ran to the cook

and got his bread.

- "Now I want some butter," said Dan.
- "First go to the churn," said the cook.

Dan ran to the churn.

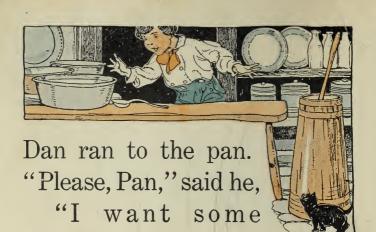
"Please, Churn," said he,

"I want some butter.

I will give the butter to the cook,

He will spread it on my bread."

"First go to the pan,"
said the churn,
"and get me some cream."



I will give the cream to the churn.

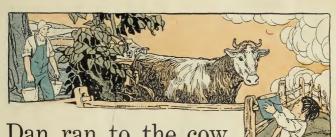
cream.

The churn will give me some butter.

I will give the butter to the cook.

He will spread it on my bread."

"First go to the cow," said the pan, "and get me some milk."



Dan ran to the cow. "Please, Cow," said he, "I want some milk.

I will give the milk to the pan.

The pan will give me some cream.

I will give the cream to the churn

The churn will give me some butter.

I will give the butter to the cook.

He will spread it on my bread."

The cow gave Dan some milk.

He ran to the pan and got the cream.

He ran to the churn and got the butter.

He took the butter to the cook.

The cook spread it on his bread.

"Thank you," said Dan, "for my good bread and butte..."

-Tales of Industry





## THE THREE BUTTERFLIES

Once upon a time there were three butterflies.

One was white, one was red, and one was yellow.

One day the three butterflies flew out into the sunshine.

"I like the sunshine," said Red Butterfly.

"I like it, too," said Yellow Butterfly.

"I see a black cloud," said White Butterfly.

"It is going to rain. What shall we do?"

"I see a bed of red tulips," said Yellow Butterfly,

"Let us ask them
to take us into their cups.

You ask them, Red Butterfly. Your dress is red like theirs."

So the three butterflies flew to the red tulips.

"Red tulips," said Red Butterfly,

"Will you please take us in until the rain is over?"

"We will take you," said the red tulips, "but we cannot take your sisters.

Their dresses are not like ours."

"Then I shall not stay," said Red Butterfly.
So the butterflies flew on.

"I see a bed of white tulips," said Red Butterfly,
"Perhaps they will take us in.
You ask them, White Butterfly.
Your dress is white like theirs."

So the three butterflies flew to the white tulips.



"White tulips," said White Butterfly,

"Will you please take us in until the rain is over?"

"We will take you," said the white tulips, "but we cannot take your sisters.

Their dresses are not like ours."

"Then I shall not stay," said White Butterfly.

So the butterflies flew on.

"I see a bed of yellow tulips," said White Butterfly.

"Perhaps they will take us in.

You ask them, Yellow Butte

Yellow Butterfly.

Your dress is yellow like theirs."

So the three butterflies flew to the yellow tulips.

"Yellow tulips," said Yellow Butterfly,

"Will you please take us in until the rain is over?"

"We will take you,"
said the yellow tulips, "but
we cannot take your sisters.
Their dresses are not like ours."



"Then I shall not stay," said Yellow Butterfly.

So the butterflies flew on but they did not know what to do.

"I see an old oak tree," said Red Butterfly,

"Perhaps he will take us in."

So they flew to the oak tree.

"Oak tree," said Red Butterfly,
"Will you take us
under your branches
until the rain is over?"

"Come right in,"
said the old oak tree,
"That is what I am here for."

The three butterflies flew under the branches.

Down came the rain, but the butterflies were safe and dry.

Soon White Butterfly peeped out.

The sun was shining.

"See," said White Butterfly,

"The sun is shining.

The black cloud is gone.

Let us fly home."

"Thank you good oak tree," said the butterflies,
"Thank you, and good-by."
"Good-by," said the oak tree,
"Come again."

And away flew the butterflies in the sunshine.

-Folk Tale

#### WHAT AM I?

When I am on the schoolhouse I say, "Come to school."

When I am on the church I say, "Come to church."

When I am on the engine I say, "The train is going to start."

When I am on a bicycle I say, "Clear the track!

Here I come!"

Sometimes I say, "Come to dinner."

On Christmas I say,
"Merry Christmas to all!"



# THE LION AND THE MOUSE

Lion: R—r —r! R—r —r! What is that? A mouse?

[Catches the mouse]

Now I have you, little mouse.

I will eat you!

Mouse: We—e! We—e! We—e! Let me go!

Please do not eat me, good lion.

I am so little.

I would not make a good mouthful for you.

We—e! We—e! We—e! Please let me go!

Lion: No, no! R—r! R—r! I will eat you!
Why should I let you go?

Mouse: Sometime I will help you.

Lion: You could not help me. You are too little. Mouse: I am little

but I can help

Please, please let me go!

Lion: I do not think
that you can help me,
but I will let you go.

Mouse: Thank you, good lion, I will not forget you!

Lion [in a net]: R—r! R—r!
I cannot get away.
My head is caught.
My feet are caught.
What shall I do?
No one will help me.



Mouse: We—e, We—e, We—e!

I will help you, good lion.

Lion: How can you help me? You are so little.

Mouse: You are caught in a net.

I will gnaw the net
and let you go.

Lion: Oh, please help me, little mouse.

Mouse [gnaw, gnaw, gnaw]:

Can you get out now?

Lion: No, but my head is out.

Mouse [gnaw, gnaw, gnaw]:

Can you get out now?

Lion: No, but two feet are out.

Mouse [gnaw, gnaw, gnaw]:

Can you get out now?

Lion: Yes, yes, I am out now!

Thank you little mouse.

"A friend in need Is a friend indeed."

—Dramatized from Aesop



#### RAIN

The rain is raining all around, It falls on field and tree. It rains on the umbrellas here, And on the ships at sea.

—Robert Louis Stevenson

#### RAIN IN THE NIGHT\*

Raining, raining,
All night long;
Sometimes loud,
sometimes soft,
Just like a song.

There'll be rivers
in the gutters,
And lakes along the street.
It will make our lazy kitty
Wash his dirty little feet.

—Amelia J. Burr

<sup>\*</sup> From Life and Living, Copyright 1916, George H. Doran Co.



#### DAN'S GARDEN

"It is beautiful to-day," said Dan.

"I will make my garden."

"Good morning, Dan," said the hoe,

"I will help you.

Take me,

then make your garden."

"Good morning, Dan,"
said the rake,
"I will help you.
Take me,
then make your garden."

"Good morning, Dan,"
said the spade,
"I will help you.
Take me,
then make your garden."

"Good morning, Dan," said the seeds.

"We will help you.

Take us,

then make your garden."

"Good morning, Dan,"
said a fat green toad,
"I will help you.
Take me,
then make your garden."

Dan took the hoe and cut down the weeds.

He took the rake and raked them away.

He took the spade and dug the soft earth.

He planted the seeds.

Can you tell

how the toad helped Dan?

—Tales of Industry





#### THE GARDEN

Spade the garden deep and wide,

Rake it smooth and light;
Drop the little seeds inside,
Cover them from sight.
Gently, gently beams the sun,
Softly fall the showers;
Pull the weeds out one by one,
Gather pretty flowers.

— Motion Song



## WHEN JIMMY WOULD NOT PLAY

Jimmy was very cross.

"I won't play!"
he said with a pout,
"I won't play!"

"Oh!" said the sun,
"Jimmy won't play.
Then I won't shine."

So the sun did not shine because Jimmy would not play.

"Tick tock!" said the clock,
"Jimmy won't play
And the sun won't shine.
Then I won't tick."

So the clock did not tick because Jimmy would not play.

"Blaze, blaze!" said the fire,
"Jimmy won't play,
The sun won't shine,
And the clock won't tick.
Then I won't burn."

So the fire did not burn, because Jimmy would not play.

"Gurgle, gurgle,"
said the water,
"Jimmy won't play,
The sun won't shine,
The clock won't tick,
And the fire won't burn.
Then I won't run."

So the water did not run because Jimmy would not play.

"Slash, slash!" said the knife,
"Jimmy won't play,
The sun won't shine,
The clock won't tick,
The fire won't burn,
And the water won't run.
Then I won't cut."



So the knife did not cut because Jimmy would not play.

"Scrape, scrape!"
said the spoon,
"Jimmy won't play,
The sun won't shine,
The clock won't tick,
The fire won't burn,
The water won't run,
And the knife won't cut,
Then I won't stir."

So the spoon did not stir because Jimmy would not play.

"Dear, dear," said mother,
"When Jimmy pouts,
everything goes wrong.

It must be time to get dinner, but the sun will not shine, and the clock will not tick, so how can I tell?

Then the fire will not burn,
the water will not run,
the knife will not cut,
and the spoon will not stir,
so how can I get dinner?"



She went to the ball.

"Please Ball," said she,

"Go and play with Jimmy,
and make him glad."

"No," said the ball,
"I'm too tired."

So Mother went to the drum.

"Please, Drum," said she,

"Go and play with Jimmy."

"My head aches," said the drum,

"I want to take a nap."

So Mother went to the book.

"Please Book," said she,

"Can't you think
of something
to drive away
Jimmy's pout?"

"I'm full of ideas,"
said the book,
"but I shall keep them
to myself,"
and it shut up with a snap.

So Mother went to Kitty-cat.

"Please, Kitty-cat," said she,
"Won't you play
with Jimmy?"

"No," said Kitty-cat,
"I am going
to catch a mouse. Good-by."

So Mother went to Little Dog.

"Please, Little Dog," said she, "Won't you play with Jimmy?"

Now Little Dog loved Jimmy, so off he went as fast as he could go.

He wagged his tail and sniffed at Jimmy's toes, but Jimmy looked very cross.

Little Dog barked, but Jimmy only made a worse pout.

Then Little Dog sat down and looked at Jimmy.

Jimmy began to laugh.

"You look so funny,

Little Dog," said he.

"Bow-wow!" said Little Dog.

Jimmy tried to find his pout
but it was gone,
so he went to play
with Little Dog.

#### And then

The sun began to shine.
The clock began to tick.
The fire began to burn.
The water began to run.
The knife began to cut.
The spoon began to stir.

And Mother worked so fast that dinner was ready when father came home.

—Tales of Industry



# THE RABBIT WHO WAS AFRAID

Once there was a little rabbit. He was very, very little and he was afraid.

When he went up the rohe was afraid.

When he went down the he was afraid.

And when he went into the woods, he was most afra

One day he was in the woods. It was very, very still.

"I'm afraid," said the little rabbit.

"What if the earth should crack open and swallow me up!" Just then a cocoanut fell down. It made a loud noise.

"Oh!" cried the little rabbit, "The earth has cracked open.

is going to swallow me up!"
ran away

fast as he could go.

his mother.
s the matter?"

"The earth has cracked open," said the little rabbit.

"It is going to swallow me up."
So his mother ran with him.

They met his father.

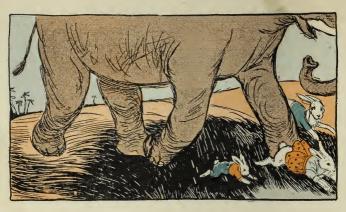
"What is the matter?" said he.

"The earth has cracked open," said the little rabbit.

"It is going to swallow us up."
So the father ran with them.

They met an elephant.

- "What is the matter?" said he.
- "The earth has cracked open," said the little rabbit.
- "It is going to swallow us up."



The elephant was big and strong, but he forgot all about that.

He ran with the rest.

They met a deer,

"What is the matter?" said he.

"The earth has cracked open,"
said the little rabbit,

"It is going to swallow us up."
So the deer ran with them.

They met a fox.

"What is the matter?" said he.

"The earth has cracked open," said the little rabbit,

"It is going to swallow us up."
So the fox ran with them.

They met a lion.

"What is the matter?" said he.

"The earth has cracked open," said the little rabbit.

"It is going to swallow us up."

Now the lion is the king of beasts.

He is not afraid of anything.

"Who said so?" asked the lion, "Who said so?"

"Not I," said the fox,

"Ask the deer."

"Not I," said the deer,

"Ask the elephant."

"Not I," said the elephant,

"Ask Father rabbit."

"Not I," said Father rabbit,

"Ask Mother rabbit."

"Not I," said Mother rabbit,

"Ask Little rabbit,"

"Oh," said Little rabbit,

"I heard a big, big noise and I thought that the earth was cracking."



"Let's go and see," said the lion.

They went to the woods.

There they found the cocoanut.

"Only a cocoanut," said the lion.

"Only a cocoanut," said the rest,

"And we were all afraid."

-Old Eastern Legend



### PETERKIN PAUL AND HIS SHADOW\*

Once there was a little boy.

His name was Peterkin Paul.

He said, "I am not afraid.

Sister Ann is afraid

all of the time.

She is only a girl.

I am not afraid of anything."

<sup>\*</sup> From The Adventures of Miltiades Peterkin Paul, Copyright Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. and used by their courteous permission.

One day Peterkin Paul went to town.

It was late when he started home. "I don't care," said he. "I am not afraid of the dark," He winked at the moon and began to whistle. Then he looked behind him. What do you think he saw? Something BIG and BLACK. Peterkin Paul began to run. Then he thought, "Perhaps that was a rock, or a cow.

I will look again."

So he looked again.
The BIG BLACK
THING was close
behind him.

Poor Peterkin Paul was so frightened.

Away he went like the wind.

He ran, and ran, and ran.

At last some one caught him. He was too frightened to look up.

"Oh," he cried, "Let me go. Please dear, good, kind Mr. Ghost, let me go!" Just then Mr. Ghost spoke, "What is the matter?" said Brother Jack.

"Why did you run into me? I am not a ghost."

Peterkin Paul looked behind him.

Brother Jack looked, too. The BIG BLACK THING

was on the ground.

"Oh!" said Brother Jack, "That is your shadow.

Are you afraid of your shadow?"

Peterkin Paul hung down his head.

"Don't tell Sister Ann," said he.

C. A. Talbot

### HAPPY CHILDREN



Oh goody! goody!
See the snow!
Now we can have some fun.
Let's make a snow man!



Oh, there it comes!
The parade
has started.
I see the elephant.
I see the lion.
Oh, look! look!
See that funny
clown!

What happy children do you know?

#### UNHAPPY CHILDREN

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What can I do now? No, I don't want to play ball. I don't want to read my book.

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I don't know what

to do.



Ouch! Ouch!
That hurts.
You scrub so hard.
Don't wash me
any more!
I am clean enough
now.



Do you know these unhappy children?



### THE ANT AND THE DOVE

Ant: I am so thirsty.

I want a drink of water.

Oh, there is the river!

Now I can have

a nice cool drink.

[Falls into the water]

Help! Help!
What shall I do?
Won't anyone help me?
This water is so cold!

Dove: What is the matter?

Ant: Don't you see me?

I am here in the water.

Help! Help! I shall drown!

Dove: I will help you,

Little Ant.

Here is a leaf!

Get on it, and you

will not drown.

Ant: Thank you, good Dove!
Some time I will help
you.

Man: Oh! See the dove!
Where is my gun?
I will shoot her.

Ant: That man
shall not shoot
my friend.
I will sting his heel.

Man [jumps about]: Oh, my heel!

My heel!

Oh! the dove has gone!

I cannot shoot her now.

Dove: Thank you, little Ant.
You saved me
from the man.

—Dramatized from Aesop









#### THE WEATHER

When the weather is wet, We must not fret.

When the weather is dry, We must not cry.

When the weather is warm, We must not storm.

When the weather is cold, We must not scold;
But be thankful together
Whatever the weather.



## THE RED-HEADED WOODPECKER\*

Once upon a time, there was a little old woman.

She lived all alone.

She had a black dress, a white apron, and a little red cap.

She liked to live alone.

 $<sup>^{\</sup>ast}$  Adapted from Cooke's Nature Myths and Stories, Copyrighted by A. Flanagan Company.

"This is my house," said she, "It is all mine. No one else can stay here.

I will bake some cakes and eat them all myself."

One day a man came to her door.

"My good woman," said he, "I am very hungry.

Will you give me one of your cakes?

I have no money to pay for it, but whatever you first wish for you shall have."

The woman looked at her cakes.

She thought, "These are too large to give away.

I will bake a tiny one."

So she baked a tiny cake.

Then she thought, "This cake is too large to give away.

I will bake a tiny, tiny one."

So she baked a tiny, tiny cake.

Then she thought,

"This cake is still too large to give away.

I will bake one as small as a pin head."

So she baked a cake as small as a pin head.

Then she thought,

"I cannot give away this good brown cake." So she kept it for herself.



She gave the poor man
a tiny crust of bread.

The man went away.

The old woman stood there
in her black dress,
her white apron,
and her little red cap.

She was sorry
that she had done wrong.
"Oh," said she,
"I wish that I were a bird!
I would fly after him
and give him a cake."



Soon she felt herself growing smaller, smaller, smaller.

She was a little old woman no longer.

She was a bird as she had wished to be.

She had a black back, a white breast, and a red head.

Her cakes were gone. Her little house was gone. She was very hungry.

She flew to a tree.

She pecked the hard wood again and again.

Every day she worked hard for her food.

Do you know her?

She is called
the red-headed
woodpecker.

-Flora J. Cooke

Did you ever see

a red-headed woodpecker?

Can you tell this story?



# WHAT THE CLOCK SAYS Tick-tock, tick-tock! Out of bed at \_\_\_\_\_o'clock.

Wash and dress, do not be late,
The bell for breakfast
rings at \_\_\_\_\_.

Off you go, join the line, Everyone at school by \_\_\_\_\_\_.

"Come to luncheon, one and all!"

Hop, skip! Back you run,
Just in time for school at....

Booksaway, no time for more!

Don't you hear me

striking #\_\_\_?

Wash your hands,
change your frock,
Dinner time, \_\_/b\_ o'clock.

Good night, do not wait!
Little folks to bed at \_\_\_\_\_.

Quiet all along the line.

Tick-tock! Asleep at \_\_\_\_\_.

What time do you get up? What time do you go to bed? What time do you go to school?



## THE MOUSE WHO LOST HER TAIL

A mouse in an oven sat spinning blue wool.

Pussy came by and bit off her tail.

"Pray, Puss, give me my long tail again."

"First go to the cow and get me some milk."

First she skipped and then she ran, till quickly to the cow she came.

"Pray, cow, give me milk.

I will give Puss milk,

Puss will give me

my long tail again."

"First go to the barn and get me some hay."

First she skipped,
and then she ran,
till quickly to the barn
she came.



"Pray, Barn, give me hay,
I will give Cow hay,
Cow will give me milk,
I will give Puss milk,
Puss will give me
my long tail again."

"First go to the smith and get me a key."

First she skipped,
and then she ran,
till quickly to the smith
she came.

"Pray, Smith, give me key.

I will give Barn key,

Barn will give me hay,

I will give Cow hay,

Cow will give me milk,

I will give Puss milk,

Puss will give me

my long tail again."

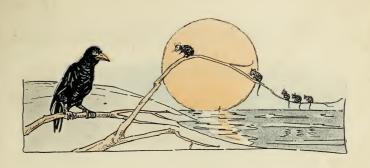
"First go to the sea and get me some coal."

First she skipped,
and then she ran,
till quickly to the sea
she came.

"Pray, Sea, give me coal, I will give Smith coal, Smith will give me key, I will give Barn key, Barn will give me hay, I will give Cow hay, Cow will give me milk, I will give Puss milk, Puss will give me my long tail again."

"First go to the crow and get me a feather."

First she skipped and then she ran, till quickly to the crow she came.



"Pray, Crow, give me feather, I will give Sea feather, Sea will give me coal, I will give Smith coal, Smith will give me key, I will give Barn key, Barn will give me hay, I will give Cow hay, Cow will give me milk, I will give Puss milk, Puss will give me my long tail again."

The crow gave the feather, The mouse took it up.

She ran to the sea, laid down the feather, and took up the coal.

She ran to the smith, laid down the coal, and took up the key.

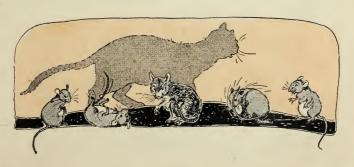
She ran to the barn, laid down the key, and took up the hay.

She ran to the cow, laid down the hay, and took up the milk.

Now she hopped and skipped and ran,
Till quickly to cruel Puss she came.

She laid down the milk,
and took up her tail,
and hopped into the oven,
spinning blue wool.

-Folk Tale





## THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

The tortoise is very slow.

The hare can run like the wind.

One day the hare met the tortoise.

"You poor thing," said the hare,

"how slowly you go!"

"I can run faster than you."

"Perhaps you can," said the tortoise.

"Of course I can," said the hare.

"Let's run a race and I will show you."

"All right!" said the tortoise.

"We will run to that tree."

Away went the hare like the wind.

He laughed to see the tortoise so far behind him.

At last he sat down to rest.

"I will have time for a nap," said he.

"See that poor old tortoise!"

The hare went to sleep.

The tortoise came on,

step by step, step by step.

He came up to the hare.

He passed the hare.

At last the hare awoke.

Away he went like the wind.

At the tree he found the tortoise waiting for him.

"How did you get here?" asked the hare.

"I came while you slept," said the tortoise, "step by step, step by step."

-Aesop





### AT THE SEASIDE

When I was down beside the sea,

A wooden spade they gave to me

To dig the sandy shore.

My holes were empty like a cup.

In every hole the sea came up Till it could come no more.

-Robert Louis Stevenson

Did you ever play this way? How did the sea come up?



### DICK'S COAT

One day Dick was cold.

He ran to the tailor.

"Please, Tailor," said he,

"make me a warm coat."

"First go to the weaver," said the tailor,

"and get me some cloth."



Dick ran to the weaver.

"Please, Weaver," said he,

"weave me some cloth.

I will give the cloth

to the tailor.

He will make me
a warm coat."

"First go to the spinner," said the weaver, and get me some yarn."



Dick ran to the spinner.

"Please, Spinner," said he,

"spin me some yarn.

I will give the yarn

to the weaver.

He will weave me some cloth.

I will give the cloth
to the tailor.

He will make me a warm coat."

"First go to the sheep and get me some wool."



Dick ran to the sheep.

"Please, Sheep," said he,

"give me some wool

I will give the wool.

to the spinner.

She will spin me some yarn.

I will give the yarn to the weaver.

He will weave me some cloth.

I will give the cloth to the tailor.

He will make me a warm coat."

The sheep said,

"I do not need

This heavy wool,

So shear me off

And make me cool."

Dick took the wool to the spinner.

The spinner made it into yarn.

He took the yarn to the weaver.

The weaver made it into cloth.

He took the cloth to the tailor.

The tailor made Dick a warm coat.

"Thank you," said Dick,
"Though the winds may
blow

And bring ice and snow, This will keep me warm Wherever I go."

—Tales of Industry

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP
Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes sir, yes sir,
Three bags full.
One for my master,
One for my dame,
And one for the little boy
That lives in the lane!

-Mother Goose



### PAT-A-CAKE, PAT-A-CAKE

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, Baker's man. So I will, Master, As fast as I can!

Pat it and prick it,
And mark it with B,
And toss it in the oven
For Baby and me!

-Mother Goose



#### JACK'S PIE

Mother was getting dinner.

"I will make a pie," said she.

First she made the dough.

Then she rolled it out.

"I want to make a pie, too," said little Jack.

Jack was four years old.

He stood on tiptoe

by the table.

"All right," said Mother,
"Get a chair."
So Jack got a chair.
Mother gave him
a ball of dough.
Jack rolled the ball
in his little fat hands.

Roll, roll! Pat, pat, pat! It was not white dough now. Can you guess why?

Mother gave Jack
the rolling pin.
Then she went to set the table.
Jack dropped the ball of dough.
Down, down it went
to the floor!



Jack got down from the chair.

"What a nice place
to make a pie!" thought he.
He rolled out the dough
on the floor.

It was too little for a pie.
He made it into a ball again.
Then he took it back
to the table.

Roll, roll! Pat, pat, pat!

Jack rolled it out again.

He put it in his little pan.

Then he put in the apples.

He could not fix the top well,

but he did his best.

The oven door was open

The oven door was open. In went the little pie.

Dinner was ready
when Daddy came home.
Mother cut the big pie.
She put the little pie
by Jack's plate.

"I made it," said Jack.

"It is for you, Daddy."



Daddy looked at the pie.
"Oh, you keep it," said Daddy,
"Mother made me a pie."

Jack looked at his pie.
Then he looked
at Mother's pie.

Then he looked

at his pie again.

His face grew very red.

At last Daddy said,

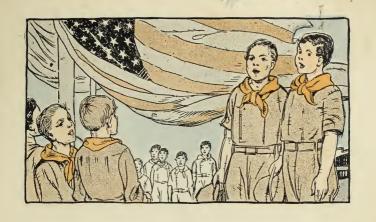
"I'll tell you what to do,
The old white hen likes pie.
Let's give it to her!"

So they took the pie
to the old white hen and
what do you think?
She ate it every bit.

What do you think Jack did the next time he made a pie?

—A Home Tale





### THE FLAG

I love to see the starry flag That floats above my head. I love to see its waving folds With stripes of white and red.

- "Be brave," say the red stripes,
- "Be pure," say the white.
- "Be true," say the bright stars,
- "And stand for the right."



### THE TWO MISERS

Once there was a miser.

One day he said,

"I am the greatest miser in the world."

"Oh, no," said his friend,

"You are not the greatest miser in the world.

A greater miser than you lives in the next town."

"If that is true,"
said the miser,
"I will go to see him."
So he went to the next town.
There he found
the second miser.

"Come with me,"
said the second miser,
"I am going out
to buy my dinner."
They went to the baker.
"Have you good bread?"
asked the second miser.
"Yes," said the baker,
"I have good bread,

as fresh and soft as butter."



"Soft as butter,"
said the miser,
"Then butter must be
better than bread.
We will not have bread.
We will have butter."

So they went to the butter shop. "Have you good butter?" asked the second miser.

"Yes," said the man,



"I have good butter, fresh and fine as oil."

"Fine as oil," said the miser,
"Then oil must be better
than butter.

We will not have butter. We will have oil."

So they went to the oil shop. "Have you good oil?" asked the second miser.

"Yes," said the man,

"I have good oil,
white and clear as water."

"Clear as water," said the miser,

"Then water must be better than oil.

We will not have oil.

We will have water.

I have a whole pailful at home.

Come, let us dine at home!"

So they dined upon water.

"I am glad that I came," said the first miser,

"I have found a greater miser than I."

—A. R. Montalba



### MY BIRTHDAY CAKE

Come, quick!
See my birthday cake!
Two candles are red.
Two candles are white.
Two candles are blue.
How old do you think I am to-day?
We there held also

Mother baked the birthday cake.

She said she would surprise me.

How surprised I was!

Next year my birthday cake will have another candle.



### DOLLY'S PARTY

We're going to a party
And you must be so good;
Say "If you please,"
and "Thank you"
As any nice child should.

Take just one piece of cake, dear,
And when it's time to go,
Say, "I have had a lovely time,"
And bow and smile, just so.



We're home at last and deary me!

We'll not go out again.
You tore your dress
and spilled your tea
And slapped your cousin Jane.

What made you act so naughty?

There, there, my dear, don't cry!

I know you will do better The next time if you try.



### THIS MORNING\*

To-day when I got out of bed, "Good morning," to the sun I said.

"I'm glad to see you up," said he,

And blinked his great red eye at me.

-Clinton Scollard

<sup>\*</sup> Used by the courteous permission of the author.



### THE INDIAN AND THE FEATHER

The Indian sleeps
on a bed of skins.
One day someone said to him,
"Why do you sleep
on a bed of skins?
Why do you not use
a feather bed
like the white man?"

a feather bed.

He had just one feather.

"I will try this feather,"
he thought,
"and if I like it,
I will get some more."

He put the feather upon a rock.

Then he lay down upon it, but he could not sleep.

His bed was too hard.

In the morning, he said, "I do not like feather beds.

If one feather is as hard as this, what would a whole bed be like?"

So the Indian went back to his bed of skins, and there he sleeps to this day.

—An Old Tale

### SPRING IS HERE

March winds,
April showers.
May buds,
June flowers!

## THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN GOSLINGS

Once there was a Mother Goose. She had seven goslings. One day she said to them, "Dear children, I am going to the woods for food. Look out for the wolf while I am gone. Do not let him in. He would eat you. You will know him by his rough voice and black feet."

"Dear Mother," said the little goslings, "We will not let him in."



The Mother Goose went into the woods.

Rap, tap! came a knock at the door.

"Open the door, my dear children," said a rough voice,

"Your mother is here and has brought something for you."

"Oh no," said the goslings,
"We will not let you in.
You are the wolf.
We know you
by your rough voice."

The wolf went away.

He ate some sugar

to make his voice sweet.

He soon came back
and said in a sweet voice,
"Open the door,
my dear children.

Your mother is here and has brought something for you."

"Let us see your feet first," said the goslings.

When the goslings
saw the feet, they said,
"You are not our Mother.
You have black feet."

The wolf ran to the baker and asked for some flour.

He put the flour on his feet and ran back.

He said in a sweet voice,

"Open the door,

my dear children,

Your mother is here

and has brought something

for you."



"Let us see your feet first," said the goslings.

When they saw the white feet, they opened the door.
In came the wolf.
The goslings tried to hide.
One jumped under the table.
One jumped into the bed.
One hid in the stove.
One ran into the kitchen.



One jumped into the cupboard.
One went under the washtub.
One hid in the tall clock.
The wolf found six of
the goslings and ate them.
He could not find
the one in the clock.

Then he went out and lay down under a tree.

The Mother Goose soon came home.

What a sight for her to see! Her house upset, Her children gone!

Just then she heard a little voice.

"Here I am, Mother, in the tall clock."

She opened the clock and the gosling jumped out.

He told her what had happened.

"Oh, my poor children!"

My poor children!"

cried the Mother Goose.



At last she went out. The gosling went with her. Under the tree they saw the wolf. The Mother Goose saw something move inside of him. "Can it be," she thought, "that my dear children are still alive?"

She went to the house for scissors, needle, and thread.

Snip, snap!
She cut open the wolf.
Snip, snap! Out hopped

a gosling.

Snip, Snap! Out hopped another.

Snip, snap!
And out hopped
all of the rest.

How happy they were!
Then the Mother Goose
put stones inside of the wolf
and sewed him up again.

When he woke, he was very thirsty.

He went to the well for a drink.

The stones rolled from side to side.

They made him fall into the water.

Down, down, went the wolf.

"The wolf is dead!" cried the little goslings.

They danced for joy, and their Mother danced, too.

—Adapted from Grimm's Fairy Tales



# FOUR LITTLE SISTERS I am Spring.

My eyes are blue like violets. My dress is pink

like apple blossoms.

When I cry
the rain comes down.

When I smile the sun comes out.

Children love me because
I bring the birds and flowers.



I am Summer.

My eyes are blue like the skies.

My hair is

like yellow sunshine.

My dress is yellow and white like the daisies.

Will you peep into my basket? It is full of good things.

I am going to a picnic.

Will you come too?



I am Autumn.

My eyes are brown like hazel nuts.

My dress is red and yellow like maple leaves.

I am very busy.

My apples must be picked.

My corn must be husked.

Will you go nutting with me?



I am Winter.

My eyes are black as coal.

My fur coat is nice and warm.

Bunny Rabbit gave it to me.

My cheeks are red where

Jack Frost pinched me.

I coast with him on the hills.

I skate with him on the river.

Come and play with us.

#### WORD LIST

The following is a list of the words used in the Additional Primer, omitting those previously used in the Primer. They are grouped by pages, in the order in which they first occur.

4	word	16	20
brother	stir	OX	prettiest
arm	even	drank	ever
hold			seen
safe	10	17	dishes
harm	redbreast	butcher	clean
loud	pussy	killed	fetch
noise	11		brought
rock	watch	18	less
	mouse	game	than
6	cow	cheese	hour
right	showers	share	baked
shut	shine	woods	brewed
sound	Sillie	19	ale
7	13		tale
· ·	kid	quenched	
lay	bought	rope	. 21
rug	pieces	hung knife	runners
9	money		wish
	14	hammer	snow
cloth		broke	use
Dicky-bird	bit	behind	22
cage	beat .	door	
thought	fire	meats	butter
night	burned	shucks	cook

first	34	41	46
miller	oak	gnaw	toad
23			dug
farmer	35	42	earth
larmer	under	friend	planted
24	branches	need	47
got	dry	indeed	deep
25			wide
churn	37	43	drop
spread	church	around	inside
pan	engine	falls	cover
cream	train	field	sight
	start	umbrella	gently
29	bicycle	ships	beams
butterflies	clear	sea	pull
flew	track	soft	gather
sunshine	merry	rivers	48
30	Christmas	gutters lakes	Jimmy
cloud	38	lazy	cross
tulips	lion	dirty	won't
ask	11011	unty	pout
cups	39	44	49
until	mouthful	garden	because
dress	why	beautiful	tick-tock
0.4	should	hoe	clock
31	help		blaze
sisters	40	45	
stay		rake	50
perhaps their	caught	spade	gurgle
their	net	seeds	slash

51	road	65	70
scrape	most	late	ant
spoon	58	don't	thirsty
52	still	care	drink
everything	swallow	dark	nice
wrong	cocoanut	winked	cool
WIONS	fell	moon	
53	cried	whistle	71
tired	matter	66	drown leaf
drum		66	
aches	59	close	shoot
54	elephant	poor	72
drive	60	frightened last	sting
full	strong	ghost	heel
ideas	about	spoke	saved
snap	rest	spoke	200, 0.02
	deer	67	73
55	0.4	ground	weather
wagged	61		wet
sniffed	king	68	fret
toes	beasts	parade	dry
only	anything	clown	storm
laugh	62		scold
funny	heard	69	thankful
56	noise	unhappy	together
tried	0.4	ouch	whatever
57	64	hurts	74
	Peterkin Pau		
rabbit	shadow	any	wood-
afraid	Ann	enough	pecker

apron	81	90	99
cap	hop	hare	though
- -	skip	tortoise	ice
else cakes pay large 77 crust stood sorry	change frock wait folks quiet s2 oven spinning wool	slow  91  course race show step  92 slept	wherever sir bags master dame lane
wrong	W001	-	toss
done	83	93	101
after 78 felt	pray quickly barn smith	seaside sandy shore empty	dough years tiptoe table
79	key	till	table
breast pecked food called 80	so coal so crow feather	94 Dick tailor weaver	chair set floor place
bell breakfast	88	yarn	103
ring join line	took laid	96 sheep	Daddy plate
luncheon	cruel	heavy shear	grew
			_

107	113	goslings	stones
starry	birthday	goose	sewed
floats	candles	121	129
above	surprise		dead
waving	another	rap	danced
folds	114	tap knock	joy
stripes	party	KHOCK	130
brave	lovely	122	violets
pure	bow	sugar	blossoms
true	DOW	124	
bright	115		131
stars	tore	hid	summer
stand	spilled	stove	skies
108	slapped	kitchen	daisies
misers	116	125	basket
greatest	blinked	cupboard	picnic
world	Dilliked	washtub	132
109	117		Autumn
second	Indian	126	hazel
fresh	skins	upset	maple
110	119	happened	leaves
	whole	127	corn
shop	March	alive	husked
111	April	anve	133
oil	buds	128	winter
fine	June	scissors	Bunny
112	June	needles	pinches
clear	120	thread	coast
pailful	wolf	snip	frost
dine	seven	snap	skate







UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 081777283